

## The York Story – Day 4 – Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup> March

Night 3 lived up to the tradition set over the past 18 years. They were very tired, there were just a few tears and a few of them felt a bit homesick. But a little humour goes a long, long way and it wasn't long before they all settled down for a good night's sleep. Much to my delight, Mr Brown and Mr Leslie also managed to have a quiet night, ensuring the Headmaster had a good



The best quote from breakfast was from Sam Hacker, who enthusiastically announced, "Black pudding is delish!" We very much hope that Mrs Hacker takes note and orders in a decent quantity along with Year 6's other new favourite, spam. Let's hope she doesn't cook it in the same way she does fish fingers (in the toaster!).



temperature, you simply can't take in new information after a certain length of time. The other guide was very knowledgeable, but was rather keen on sharing every little nugget of it



night's sleep and awoke refreshed looking his usual, youthful self (this is, of course, an autobiographical statement as I couldn't persuade anyone else to write it!).



Mr Brown's method acting proved to be an invaluable asset when following instructions on the sensory walk.

We headed off to Fountain's Abbey yet again bathed in sunshine, although the warmth in the coach was certainly different to when we got off, and the biting wind justified all the extra layers. We were split into 2 groups, with one being led by a former teacher, who was very intuitive to the children's levels of understanding. She also understood that below a certain

during the tour. However, both were good, but one just got to the warm 'hayloft' for lunch somewhat earlier and were able to thaw out sooner.

Once we'd had lunch, we headed up to the coach... oh! Where was the coach?



Luckily, Coachy was soon tracked down, having just gone a mile up the road for a better phone signal and we were soon out of the biting wind and back in the lovely warm luxury that has been our transportation this week.

Every trip has its trials, and shopping is one for us. The smart children had saved a hefty wad for the market and Shambles, so there was great delight in the sheer quantity of 'things' that children were able to purchase. Edward even managed to get discount and secured himself the large



majority of what a modern soldier would expect to be wearing with a very good effort at outdoing the male staff's gadget waistcoats.

The last part of our excursion took us in to the Minster, where we were treated to the choir leading an Ash Wednesday service. The children were more than a little impressed at just how

high the choirboys were able to sing, although none of our lads seemed keen to emulate their voices once we'd left.

At the time of writing, preparations for entertainment night are well underway. This is good as the majority of them don't seem to have much of a clue about what they're doing! We'll put the pictures on at a later stage to keep you posted.